WANTED

~~DEAD OR~~ ALIVE

NAME: MacDonald "Mac" Gargan
ALIASES: The Scorpion, Venom
HEIGHT: Variable
WEIGHT: Variable

IF SEEN, PLEASE CONTACT:
ANTHONY DIAL
PRODUCTION

Gargan's one of the all-time great lowlifes; an unscrupulous private eye who volunteered to get genetically engineered into the superhuman Scorpion, Gargan got locked in a vicious cycle of low-impact crime and high-impact beatdowns from Spider-Man.

All that changed when he bonded with the Venom symbiote and became a new Venom - one with even more power than its previous incarnation, Eddie Brock - and none of Brock's conscience. Gargan was recruited by the US Government to hunt down superhumans who didn't comply with the Superhuman Registration Act.

Serving under the leadership of Norman Osborn, (the former Green Goblin and all-around sociopathic billionaire), Gargan became increasingly unhinged and violent, devouring limbs and sometimes whole people in the heat of combat. When Osborn ascended to leadership of all things superhuman in the United States, he brought Gargan along to be a member of his Avengers team in the guise of Spider-Man...

DARK REIGN: THE SINISTER SPIDER-MAN No. 1, August, 2009. Published Monthly by MARVEL PUBLISHING, INC., a subsidiary of MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT, INC. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 417 5th Avenue, New York, NY 10016. © 2009 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive names and likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of Marvel Characters, Inc. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. $3.99 per copy in the U.S. (GST #R127032852) in the direct market and $3.99 per copy in the U.S. and $3.99 in Canada (GST #R127032852) through the newsstand, Canadian Agreement #40668537. **Printed in the USA.** ALAN FINE, EVP - Office Of The Chief Executive Marvel Entertainment, Inc. & CMO Marvel Characters B.V.; DAN BUCKLEY, President of Publishing - Print & Digital Media; JIM SOKOLOWSKI, Chief Operating Officer; DAVID GABRIEL, SVP of Publishing Sales & Circulation; DAVID BOGART, SVP of Business Affairs & Talent Management; MICHAEL PASCIULLO, VP Merchandising & Communications; JIM O'KEEFE, VP of Operations & Logistics; DAN CARR, Executive Director of Publishing Technology; JUSTIN F. GABRIE, Director of Publishing & Editorial Operations; SUSAN CRESPI, Editorial Operations Manager; ALEX MORALES, Publishing Operations Manager; STAN LEE, Chairman Emeritus. For information regarding advertising in Marvel Comics or on Marvel.com, please contact Mitch Dane, Advertising Director, at mdane@marvel.com. For Marvel subscription inquiries, please call 800-217-9158.

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AHHHHH, THAT IS RIGHT, YOU PITIFUL WEAKLINKS! YOUR MONIES ARE BELONK TO ME!
GENERAL WOLFRAM! GENETIC TERROR OF THE THIRD REICH!
THIS FINE SPECIMEN OF A TOTAL MORON IS GENERAL WOLFRAM.
AKA: CLAUDE CRAMER.
AKA: "LUNCH".
OOF!
BEHOLD GENETIC MASTERY, NEW YORK!
BEHOLD THE POWER OF NAZI SCIEN--
SCUSE ME, GENERAL WOLFRAM...

SO, CANDY--
I'M CHERRY.
HERE'S A LOT OF MONEY THAT SAYS YOU'RE CANDY.
HI, MY NAME'S CANDY.
THAT'S CANDY.
WHERE'S DESTINY?
I LIKE CANDY.
I USED TO LIKE DESTINY.
BUT SHE FIGURED OUT I WASN'T THE REAL SPIDER-MAN...
NOBODY'S SEEN HER IN DAYS.
IN THIS TOWN?
NOBODY'S LOOKING FOR HER?
SO IF YOU WENT MISSING... WHO'D COME LOOKING FOR YOU?
WHAT KIND OF GUY ASKS THAT QUESTION?
HEH.
I USED TO BE MAC GARGAN, PRIVATE EYE.
J. JONAH JAMESON NEED ME TO FIGURE OUT WHO SPIDER-MAN WAS.
RESULT WAS ME GETTING MY ASS KICKED BY SPIDER-MAN AND SPENDING TIME IN PRISON.
JAMESON? HE GOT TO BE MAYOR.

the SINISTER SPIDER-MAIL

Send e-mail to
SPIDEYOFFICE@MARVEL.COM
(please mark as OKAY TO PRINT)

Howdy, folks! Your friendly neighborhood Spider-Man Mac Gargan here with some pearls o'wisdom from my life as America's most beloved private detective-turned-super villain-turned-hero hunter-turned hero – can ya believe that?! I'm a super hero. Like two years ago I was hiding out in sewers, beatin' up jerks and eating alligators. Now I'm still doing that, but I'm getting paid for it. On the tax payer's dime no less! But I'm not ungrateful, so to show my thanks, I'm here to listen to your problems. Yes, we call this *Mac-N-Sleeze* – you dish the dirt on your life, I'll tell you what I think. C'mon, how can you not trust a face like this?

So the doctor is in! Our first question comes from the Pacific Northwest. Ooooh, and it's from a lady type...

Dear Mac,

My boyfriend's asking me to move in with him, but I'm just not ready to make that commitment. Still, I don't wanna hurt his feelings, he means the world to me. What should I do?

--Samantha, Seattle, WA

Samantha, Relationships are hard work, no doubt about it. And ultimately it's a give and a take. My last relationship lasted a whole 46 minutes (she was delicious with a side of home fries, though!) but ultimately, you have to be honest with yourself and your boyfriend. And if that doesn't work, send him to me. I haven't eaten in 20 minutes. Our next letter's out of Buffalo, New York

Hey Mac-Attack!

My dad and I keep getting into fights – mainly about the car. He thinks I'm too young to borrow it for a weekend trip, but I'm seventeen years old – I'm about to graduate from high school, man! He just doesn't respect me; he never treats me like a man, just a stupid kid. What should I do?

--Tyrone, Buffalo, NY

Aww man, I thought I said only chicks could write me! Fine, you wanna talk "daddy issues," my boy the Venom Symbiote can talk all about that. Take it away, Symby!

WE WERE ONCE BONDED TO ANOTHER WHO DID NOT TREAT US AS EQUALS – SPIDER MAN!!!!!! HE USED US AND THREW US AWAY... SO WE FOUND ANOTHER -- BROCK... BROCK WAS WEAK! TOO WEAK! SO WE FOUND ANOTHER...OUR CURRENT ONE...GARGAN HE GIVES US WHAT WE NEED! YES!

Alright, that's gettin' weird. The lesson here, Tyrone, is that you only have one dad so try and work it out. Otherwise you could end up like Symby here, stuck in a vicious cycle of substitute father figures, like some washed-up private eye who does nothing but drink all day, eat dancers and generally exploit his boss. Say... that's the guy you should talk to, my boss, Norman Osborn! He's got a kid...I think...he'd probably know what to say. Try calling him. Next question comes from way down in the Big Easy.

Dear Mac,

WHY?!!?!?!?!?!?!?!

--Stophe, New Orleans

::GULP:: Sorry, did someone say something?

Dear Mr. Gargan,

Lately I've been a bit on edge. I'm 25 and feel a sort of arrested development – I'm trapped between childhood and adulthood. When did you feel you were really guiding your own life?

--Rachel, Jacksonville, FL.

I'm not gonna lie to ya, Racheroo, I pretty much been doin' what I want, when I want to since Flat-top Jameson turned me into the Scorpion. When you're super-powered like me, you let your feet and fists do the talking and walking. But I think the real key is the moment you choose to do what you love because you want to, not because you have to. Take me for example – I've been at this game a long time, but I really didn't hit my stride till I ate Steel Spider's arm. It wasn't because I *could* do it – it's because I wanted to do it. That's how I roll now – cuz I *want* to. Mmm... that story takes me back...

Dear Mr. Sinister Spider-Man,

So I've got this girl. Her name is Samantha. She's really nice, really pretty, we really connect. And I'm trying to hold her held hostage in my tower for the next two weeks. The relationship's been really, really fun. But at the same time I'm worried that if she does take my offer and move in, I'm just going to get bored and leave her hogtied under a bridge for the authorities rather than taking the plunge and demanding ransom and proclaiming that I'll disintegrate her in 24 hours unless the Great Lakes Avengers leave the Earth... forever. I mean, I really think she's amazing, but how long should it take before I'm able to decide she's the one?

--"Ned," Seattle, WA.

Ned, I'm going to rely on an old chestnut here – "If you love someone, set them free. If they come back, they're yours. If they don't, they never were in the first place." It's always worked for me. 'Course, I usually set them free after biting off a leg or two, so there is only so far they can go. But I figure if they really wanted to get away, they'd crawl faster and cry a lot less.

Dear Spider-Venom-Orpion,

WHYYYY?!?!?!?!?!?!?!?!?!?!!!!
::sobs:: WHYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY?!
WHY WHY WHY WHY WHY WHY WHY?!

--Joe W., Park Slope, NY

Another one of you guys? Jeez, do you guys have a chatroom you all coordinate this from? Fine, you wanna know why...

::GULP::

There, that's why. Well that's all for me. Have a good month, oh vile tread-mark that is humanity. I'm gonna go look up Steel Spider...see if that other arm's still on 'im...

Seeya in 30!
-Mac

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